

THAT WONDROUS ELIXIR.

The years of her life numbered four score and ten. Her memory long ago failed her. Her health was so feeble that medical men could not guess what the thing was that ailed her.

A short time ago, as a denier resort. In hopes that it somehow might fix her. We gave her in moderate doses a quart of Dr. Brown's Sarsaparilla.

Yet still the elixir continued to act; To childhood we saw her returning. And fiction was not half so wondrous as fact. For dolls she was found to be yearning!

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Mrs. Denza was the prettiest woman in all Sydenham, and her villa was the best kept and most artistically decorated house in the town. Michael Denza was a wine merchant, in partnership with his elder brother Joseph, and had a large connection in the city.

Michael Denza was leaning back in his office chair one afternoon in November, picking his teeth with a quill—a look of perplexity upon his handsome features.

"Why don't you ask her?" observed the practical elder brother. Joseph Denza might have been as good-looking as Michael had he not been so fat, but he was ten years older—a man verging on forty, and he was of a hard and more suspicious nature than his younger brother.

"Why don't you ask her?" she said. "She won't tell you the truth, of course, but it may prevent such exorbitant demands for the future."

"Ella never told me a lie yet," cried Michael, firing up. "I am sure of it. She is as clear and open as the day."

"Clear and open!" sneered Joseph. "My dear Michael you are a fool! A divorced woman clear and open?"

"But where can the money go to?" "Oh, I don't care," cried Michael impatiently, as he pushed the paper away from him. "I wish I had never raised the question. I am not going to suspect my wife of using it for an unlawful purpose. She can do as she likes with it. It is all the same to me."

"But to whom could she give it? She has no relations dependent on her?" "Can any one have a hold upon her, Michael?" demanded Joseph, suspiciously.

"What do you mean?" "Can Ella have been so imprudent as to encourage some young fellow far enough—I am only alluding to a flirtation, you know—to embolden him to apply to her for money on pain of disclosure? We have heard of such things with married ladies before, you know, and I."

Michael Denza's face flushed with passion as he started from his chair with a clutched hand. "If you were not my brother, Joseph," he began, but broke off with a harsh laugh. "What folly I am talking, and you, too," he continued. "Ella flirt? Why, she is the quietest little woman in the world."

"Well, yes. She certainly has not got on very well in Sydenham. I suppose this divorce business has answered for that?" "I suppose so," said Michael, gloomily. "People will talk, if it is only to hear their own confounded tongues. I should have thought it would have died a natural death long ago."

married. No bread-and-butter misses for me," continued the creature, who had not a hair upon his face. "I like a woman with some nous about her and who knows a thing or two."

Michael Denza listened to the bald-headed man with a beating pulse. It recalled so painfully the unpleasant conversation he held with his brother Joseph. He took a hat to the speaker, although he had never looked at him before, and the instant his train reached the Sydenham station he leaped out and walked rapidly to his own house. His first inquiry was for the mistress of it. The servant replied that she was out.

"Out at this time?" he said with a frown, as he consulted his watch. "Why, it is nearly dark. Are the children with her?" "No, sir; they are in the nursery. My mistress wouldn't take them out today. She said it was too dark."

Michael Denza began to pace the room in a fury. He was naturally passionate and jealous, like the race he sprung from, but he had never had his feelings roused in a like manner before. The words he had exchanged with his brother Joseph and those to which he had listened to in the train, all seemed to rush back upon his mind like so many flashes of electric light to disperse the mist which had blinded him—perhaps to his own dishonor.

In a moment the twin demons—doubt and suspicion—caught hold of him and worked him up into a state bordering on madness. Was it possible, he asked himself, that the words of that vain-glorious, blatant fool in the railway carriage pointed to his wife? He had always believed his wife to have been a most injured woman, but the devil of doubt had been raised in his breast, and he was ready to believe the very worst. And if, as he said to himself with clenched teeth, his brother's suspicions proved to be correct, and he found that Ella had deceived him, there would be murder in that house before the night was over. He had been pacing the floor of the dining-room for perhaps a couple of hours before his wife's step sounded in the hall. She came in hurriedly and nervously; and, when she heard that her husband had returned home, it seemed to him that her voice indicated more than surprise.

"Already!" she exclaimed falteringly, "surely it is not 7 yet! Where is he, in the dining-room?" She opened the door then, and stood on the threshold, a lovely picture by the firelight, in her velvets and furs.

"What has brought you home so soon Michael?" she inquired. "Have I arrived too early for your convenience, Mrs. Denza?" he answered in a strange tone. "Have I cut your engagements short?" "I don't understand you," she said, closing the door and advancing toward him, but he could hear that her voice trembled.

"Then I will explain myself. Where have you been? Who do you come from?" Mrs. Denza flushed scarlet. She was a pale woman by nature, but now her eyes filled with tears under the pain of her burning complexion.

"Why should you speak to me like that?" she half whispered; "why do you want to know where I have been?" Her evident timidity looked so like guilt that Michael Denza felt sure that his doubts would prove to be realities.

"Because I suspect your errand, Ella—more, I know it, and I am resolved to hear the truth." "Oh, God," she cried, involuntarily, and there stopped. Her husband stalked up to her and grasped her wrist.

"I married you because I thought you were a true woman, and would stick to me," he said, "and till this day I never suspected you of double dealing. But I have found you out at last, and you shall suffer for it. Tell me the truth or I will kill you. You have been with that man?" Her eyelids fell before his angry glance.

"Oh, Michael, for God's sake forgive me," she cried. "Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I will forgive you, madam; and I will tell you how. I will turn you out of the house you have dishonored this very hour; you shall never see me nor your children again, nor have another opportunity of deceiving me, as doubtless you did the unfortunate devil whose name you bore before mine."

"It is a lie," she cried, gazed into resentment. "I never deceived him. I was only too patient. He has said so himself." "Then you reserved the honor for me. I am infinitely obliged to you. But it is for the last time. You shall not live to deceive me again."

He advanced upon her with such a threatening air that the woman really thought her last hour had come. "Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked. "Oh, Michael! spare me, and I will tell you everything." "Tell me the truth then, if you can. Have you come from meeting another man?" "Yes! yes! I have."

"My God! and you can own it. What is his name?" She hesitated, and he returned to the attack. "Give me his name, or I will strike you to the ground!" But a sudden courage seemed to have come to Mrs. Denza's aid. She drew up her slight figure to its full height, and looked her husband straight in the eyes.

lieve it possible she would introduce him to the very presence of her lover. Mrs. Denza walked quickly down several streets, until she reached a poorer quarter of the town, formed of small houses. Knocking quietly at the door of one of these, she merely said to the landlady: "I wish to go up-stairs again." Then to her husband, "follow me," and in another minute they had ascended the narrow staircase together and entered a bed-chamber.

Mrs. Denza seemed strangely altered. Her step had grown majestic, and her manner almost defiant, as she advanced to the bedside, and, pulling down the sheet, disclosed the pallid face of an attenuated corpse.

"There," she exclaimed proudly, as she turned to Michael, "there is the man I came from." "Dead!" he said, falling backward, "you are fooling me, Ella. This is some trick of yours. What had you to do with this corpse?" "I will tell you, Michael Denza," she replied. "That is the corpse of the man who beat and insulted me, until for my own safety I was compelled to separate from him. He has killed himself by drink and debauchery, but he was none the less the man whom once I swore to cherish. When his landlady appealed to me some weeks ago for money to buy him the actual necessities of life I did not feel justified in refusing it. How could I have lived in luxury and comfort, knowing that this wretched creature was dying without one comfort to smooth his passage to the grave? Yesterday he passed away, and the money I asked you for this afternoon was to pay for his funeral expenses. I was wrong, perhaps, not to confide in you before, but I was afraid the subject might worry you, and cause dissension between us. That has been all my fault. I leave you to judge whether I deserve the imputation you have put upon my absence."

She passed proudly down the stairs again as she spoke, but Michael Denza had caught her before she opened the hall door.

"Ella, forgive me," he whispered. "Was mad. I don't know what possessed me, but evil thoughts had been put into my head, and the idea of losing your confidence and affection was unbearable."

"And was it all about money?" she said, "was it because I never accounted for how I had spent the last checks?" "I am afraid it was," he answered, with a shamed look.—FLORENCE MARYAT.

Pit Schwellbrenner.

SCHWELFELTOWN, Sept. 27, 1889. MISTER DROOKER:—Geshter ben ich ob g'shart for niver of der Hawa Barriek tzu foos. We ich about 'n farle mile galuffa bin is der olt Dan Dushter aw cooma in seim buck-board, and iut mer 'n ride aw gabbuta, and ich war 's agreed, un we mer about 'n h'low mile g'lawra sin hut ar nich g'froked was des ding is mit dem liexer."

"Ich hob 'm g'sawt os ich net mainer derfu was os was ols in der tzeitung shait." "Well," secht ar, "ich du mich for common net feelt boddere weaga so conventions, awer desmoht ich gadenk ich wet amohl os finna for mich selwer was 's is, un ich bin now of 'm waigt tzu 'm Hawa Barriek ducker, for 's amohl poewera."

"W'ich ich g'sawt, 's cou si os 's dich ordlich g'at toond." "Un sel is was ich denk," secht ar, "De gons letsch naucht hob ich der weaga gadenk. Ich bin now dri-un-sivvatzich yoh olt, and wann des liexer mich widder tzeitlich seix'd un naucht mich widder tzeitlich, don gook amohl os."

"Un was hasht don im sin tzu du?" "Soll will ich der don sawga. My Sohn, derjame, der Bill, ar fulg'd mer nimmy un d'at about we ar will, un ich bin awfongs tzu olt for een. Nox wann sech liexer mich widder frish un yung naucht, don gook amohl os, ich will een wissa lussa os ich selwer der boss bin n' der olt bauneri. Ei, yusht der gidonka naucht mich billy goot feela."

"Un ich will aw huffa os 's dich all recht bring'd," hob ich g'sawt. "Yaw, un sell 's net alles," secht ar, "shun for yohra long don't de fraf mich yusht der olt g'rose-dawdy haisa, un du os wann ich olstord in 'eck hucha set, un 's mowl halsa, so os se du coa was will. Se ich ich g'fretzich yohr olt. Awer yusht dir 's netzich yohr olt. Awer now ward yusht bis ich amohl ferixer bin un don look out—don luss ich se wissa os ich aw mer waigt bin, un der maister in house. Un ich hob aw 'n dochter-mon, der Sam Shumacher, un foram yohr hut ar mich os dreis-ich dawier b'shisa, un ar main'd aw ich war tzu olt for mer selwer bella. Un nox coast sana we 's is—der Bill, de fraw un der dochter-mon di'n we se wella. Awer now will ich mich amohl ul-luxera lussa, and don gebt 's amohl smoke 's der kich—wann 's net dit don is my nawma net Dan Dushter. Ei de gidonka derin naucht mich shuint ordlich goot feela. Yah, ich feel allaweh shun first rate. 'S coum'd all recht—feel allaweh os wann ich any-hung tootzaw yohr yinger waer, un wann 's liexer mer now yusht noch tzain yohr mainer get, ei don bin ich ready for business, ferless dich druf."

We mer of 'n Hawa Barriek aw galand sin hen mer om waertz-house g'situp'd un ebias mittooner g'umma. Weil der Dan so iver os goots moost war hut ar's beer u'g'setzi. Don is ar tzu in ducker, awer ar war net derjame, un der Dan hut shoonda lang warda missa, un weil 's mer tzu long war bin ich ob g'shart un hame galuffa. We ar os gamauht hut mit 'n liexer ducker was ich ewa now net, awer ich bin os in a pawr dawg, un es coum'd of umshenda aw eb ich selwer ni gae for mich u'fixera.

Pit Schwellbrenner.

Don't let the fruit rot on the ground. You can feed it to the stock if there is no other use for it. All stock will eat apples.

The Farmer's Burdens.

Enormous Shrinkage in the Value of His Property.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

Sir: Certain family reasons prompted me a few months ago to buy a farm for a nephew of mine in Western Pennsylvania, and as it was intended as a gift it was natural that he should have the choice of location. It was not expected or intended that this should be a paying investment; but he was a good farmer, and never had been trained in any other line of industry. His choice was to locate in the southern part of Allegheny county or the northern part of Washington county, the very heart of the territory for more than half a century had supplied the woolen-mills of this country with the greater share of the fine wools consumed by them. When I was a boy every hillside in that region was covered with sheep, but now, in a day's travel, not a single flock is to be seen.

As a means of reaching such a farm as we wanted, I advertised in a weekly and a daily paper in Pittsburg, describing what we were in search of, and the applications began to pour in upon me till they increased to an avalanche, and they are still coming, although the farm was found and bought several weeks ago. The applications, with maps, descriptions, etc., now number 128, to say nothing of many personal solicitations. Everybody seemed to be clamorous to sell, but I could not hear of a single sale that had been made in many months.

Such farms as seemed to be eligible were then subjected to an examination by me, in order to determine whether they were really on the market. Some of them were in the hands of executors for the purpose of dividing and closing estates of deceased persons, and some of them were in the hands of the assigned to pay creditors their just claims. Indeed, a large portion of them—perhaps a majority—seemed to be embarrassed either with mortgages or judgments, as shown by the county records. Many of the old men wanted to sell because the boys had gone to town to live, and they were not able to do the work alone, and many of the young men wanted to sell because they thought they could do better by going to town. In short, everybody wanted to get clear of their farms, and the general demoralization among the agriculturists seemed to be widespread, if not complete.

As a test of prices I will take a few instances of desirable farms in the hands of assignees. One farm was appraised by order of Court at \$62 per acre, and when offered at public sale there was not a single bid upon it. Another very valuable farm, beautifully located, was appraised at \$100. The assignee offered it to me at \$80, and I afterwards offered it to me that I could buy it at \$80. Still another was appraised at \$75, and the assignee begged of me to buy it at \$60; probably \$50 would have bought it. Without going further into details I think it is safe to say that in this rich and hitherto prosperous region farms have shrunk in value from 20 to 50 per cent. in the past ten years, and whether this is the beginning of the decadence and desertion of the old homesteads like the New England experiences, is a moral man can tell. This cannot be accounted for on the grounds of any temporary or transient disaster or failure of crops, for that region has been steadily productive and the crops of the present year have been uncommonly abundant. We must, therefore, look in some other direction for the cause or causes that have led to this fully developed depression and decadence.

When Jacob called his sons together to pronounce his prophetic blessing and to tell them what should befall them in the last days, he so fully and completely described the condition at present of the farmers of Western Pennsylvania that we cannot refrain from quoting what he said of one of his sons:

"Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that he was pleasant; and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

However just it might be to speak of the farmers of Western Pennsylvania as "strong asses," it would not be a reflection on my own ancestors, who flourished there. Still there is something intensely asinine in a farmer struggling under the grinding weight of a mortgage on his homestead, and still voting and shouting for whatever measure will promote the financial prosperity of the late King Andrew Carnegie. These sons of Issachar, whether we call them asses or not, do not lack in selfishness, but they are so completely befogged with the word "protection" that they never raise a murmur in continuing to pay war taxes on all they buy. When the Sheriff is waiting to sell the roof from over the farmer's head he still supposes that the doctrine that has brought him to poverty and has made Andrew Carnegie a millionaire many times over is the true doctrine of government. As Jacob said of Issachar: "He has bowed his shoulder to bear and become a servant unto tribute."

THE FARMER'S TWO BURDENS. The two burdens between which these descendants of Issachar are "couching down" are the products of cheaper Western lands, with which they are brought into competition, and the taxes on everything they buy, so ingeniously collected from them that they don't know they are paying them. In the nature of things the former burden cannot be removed. The competition must be met by better husbandry and lower prices of land. Remove the other burden—the taxes collected from the farmer for the benefit and support of other industries—and the farmer will be able to take care of himself. When he wants to build a fence or a barn, don't compel him to pay two dollars a thousand feet on his lumber for the special benefit of a few lumber barons; let him buy his lumber where he can buy it the cheapest. When he comes to build his fence or his barn don't tax him on the handsaw, the hammer, and on every nail he drives, for the benefit of the iron lords. When he goes out to salt his stock, don't tax him on every ounce of it for the benefit of a few great and very wealthy combinations.

When he puts a teaspoonful of sugar in his coffee, don't tax him on that teaspoonful for the benefit of a few hundred sugar-growers in Louisiana. Put your taxes on the luxuries, but take them off the necessities of the farmer's life.

SHALL FARMING BE ABANDONED? That this enormous shrinkage in the value of farming property should have taken place right in the midst of a series of years of continuous manufacturing prosperity is a very significant indication that the industrial interests are out of balance and that the manufacturer is eating up the farmer. No wonder that the young men are leaving for the towns where they will be the beneficiaries and not the victims of what is called a "protective" tariff. If ever there was a time in the history of this country when manufacturing prosperity should secure agricultural prosperity, now is the time for that result to develop itself; but instead of this we see colossal fortunes growing up on the one hand, and shrinkage, decay and abandonment on the other. Shall the experiences of New England be repeated in Western Pennsylvania, and shall the next generation see farm after farm and township after township abandoned and forsaken?

IGNORANCE AS TO THE VALUE OF FARM LANDS. In the early part of my correspondence, and before the applications became so numerous as to be unanswerable, I asked some questions about prices, etc., and I was astonished at the complete ignorance that seemed to prevail almost everywhere as to the price of farms. In one case a lawyer in Pittsburg said: "We are not aware here that there has been any drop in the price of farms, but rather a rise." Another lawyer in Pittsburg, who had an excellent farm for sale could not accept a remark from me that farms were down in value, but insisted that "as Pittsburg was a great manufacturing and business centre, it was not possible for farms to fall in value in all that region." Still another Pittsburg lawyer had a valuable farm for sale at \$125 per acre, and his method of reasoning to convince me that it was very cheap was entirely unique. He said: "I put that price on that farm ten years ago; I thought it was not too high then, and it certainly must have advanced materially since then." This was the kind of reasoning we met with all based upon the miserable fallacy that if you legislate so as to keep up the price of iron, you benefit the man who has to buy it.

NO PURCHASERS. Here we have an object-lesson in the facts as we have stated them, and it cannot be reasoned away either by ignorance or prejudice. The records of the Courts and the unavailing efforts of assignees to make sales, to say nothing of my own personal experiences, all go to show that there are absolutely no purchasers for the great numbers of farms that are pressing upon the market. And what is to become of poor Issachar, couching down between his two burdens of Western competition and unjust taxation? He is a "strong ass," and he has the power to free himself from the latter burden and strengthen enough to fight his way against the former. Will he do it, or will he continue "to bow his shoulder to bear, and remain a servant unto tribute?"

New York, Sept. 5. J. H. W.

Things a Women Can Do. List of Accomplishments Peculiar to Members of the Fair Sex. Boston Times.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that. Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail. She is cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words. She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes." She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils. She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony was performed. She can go to church and afterward tell you every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without one expression of the desire of murdering the infant. She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better. She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm, personal friend asked of a merchant. "When they stay too long, the office boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-house waiting to see me on important business." "Ha, ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know"—Just then the boy opened the door and sang out: "Gent in the counting-house, sir, waitin' to see you on important business."

Citizen (poking his head out of back window)—See here, Uncle Rastus, what are you doing around my hen coop at this hour of the night? Uncle Rastus (promptly)—I was gwine to ast yo', Mister Smit, ef you don't want ter git dat hen coop white-washed. It needs it bad, heed it do.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A Maine man has raised a blue pig, which he will exhibit at the State Fair. —Mr. Edison is said to receive no less than 1,200 letters daily since his arrival in Paris.

John Brown, a negro of Macon county, Ga., in a few days caught 554 rats in a pot of water. —The mouth of Calumet river, emptying into Lake Michigan, has moved east 2,800 feet since 1836.

A Swiss cheese which was received by an Acheson grocery firm the other day weighed 700 pounds. —There is a sunflower stalk at Hannibal, Mo., which is 16 feet high and which contains 150 blossoms.

A potato weighing two pounds and ten ounces is one of the curiosities exhibited in Aroostook county, Me. —While examining a bunch of bananas, a Boston dealer found a snake two feet long concealed under the fruit.

A rare and fine violin of the great master, Nicolo Amati, made in 1674, is owned by A. H. Pitkin, of Hartford, Conn. —John Praugh, of Goshen, Ind., aged 64, has become the father of a bouncing baby boy, presented to him by his wife, aged 76.

The force which a California pumpkin exerts while growing is equal to the strength of a large horse attached to a stick of timber. —The London Omnibus Company have only 26 coaches running, and yet they carried over 50,000,000 passengers during the year just past.

A peddler, given a night's lodging this week in a Cleveland police station, said he was 92 years old, and that he walked all the way from Williamsport, Pa. —A tin peddler who travels through Canada can exhibit 41 scars where farmers' dogs have taken hold of him to see whether he was a dummy or a live man.

A Moorish gentleman rides at his friends at a gallop, shoots his pistol and fancies that he has done everything in the line of courtesy which can be expected of him. —A hen at Madison, Neb., has adopted a litter of kittens. For the past week she has sheltered them with her wings, tries to feed them and shows fight when anyone approaches.

The largest bar of gold ever cast was turned out at the United States Assay Office in Helena, Mont., recently. It weighed 500 pounds, and is worth more than \$100,000. —A young housekeeper of York bought a chicken the other day, but returned it to the dealer and got another because it had a cancer. It was the first gizzard she ever saw.

Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by electric lamps, inclosed in sea shells of the greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a glowing radiance over the whole apartment. —Prof. Paul Wiegert, a distinguished German, figures that 7 cents worth of food will keep a strong man in good form from dawn to dusk, and that we would all be healthier without underwear or overcoats.

Roy Lepout, 12 years old, of Burlington, Ia., was in apparent good health, except for a boil on his neck. Friday night the boil broke, and the little fellow died within a few hours. Physicians are mystified over the case. —Joaquin Miller, who gave to the incipient State of Idaho its name, says that it is written and spelled improperly. The correct form in Idaho, with the accent on the third syllable. The name means the light on the mountain.

One of the objects of curiosity at Kennebunkport, Me., is the stone house of Rev. E. L. Clarke, of New York, built of rocks hauled out of the sea at low tide by oxen. Rev. Mr. Clarke put on his overalls and steered the steers part of the time himself. —A steer which seems destined to a circus life is exhibited at Pimlico, Md. It is 4 years old, 14 feet in length, 17 hands high, and weighs 4,000 pounds. Not content with being a curiosity as to height, the steer has added the feature of double joints in his legs.

Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, the last of a family that came over in 1635, is said to be still living in a house at Dedham, Mass., that was brought over in the year mentioned and located on its present site at that time. The Fairbanks scale man came of this family. —Hamilton Maffett, who resides north of Lawrenceville, Ga., has been almost at death's door since cannonading, caused from a spider bite inflicted on the left shoulder a year or two ago. Mr. Maffett is now in his 72d year, and the family are fearful that should he recover he will lose his eyesight.

Mr. Jones, of Cisco, Tex., got the idea that there were too many rattlesnakes on his farm. The other day he quit his plowing and went gunning for them. Under the edge of a large rock he discovered a nest and began firing at the reptiles. He kept it up until he had shot 21 large snakes. Scores of young ones got away. —The Emperor of Germany recently sent a specimen rifle to the Emperor of Austria, the barrel of which does not grow hot. After 100 shots had been fired the barrel was merely warm. The "magazine" of this rifle is in the stock, and the "load" consists of 20 cartridges. It can be reloaded in five seconds, and discharge 60 shots a minute.

The following notice is posted in a conspicuous place in the Cedar Springs, Mich., postoffice: "Burchs Mill Aug. the 25-89, notice is given that A. H. Nicholson at Burchs Mill has a yoke of oxen 7 years old to sell 1 first class cow of which he will sell for cash down, the above stock is orderly the cow comes at calling as far as she can hear. A. H. Nicholson, owner of said stock at Burchs Mill."